

THE

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Perils by Sea.

At the London Lloyds, they are accustomed to say, that, upon an average, one ship is lost by wreck daily. The year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Three, which we fear may obtain, by sad distinction, the appellation of the Shipwreck Year, may render the tables at the great mart of insurance still more dismal. As our fleets grow greater and greater, and as the tonnage of individual ships is unprecedentedly increased, marine disasters must of course become more and more numerous, and more frightful in the loss of life which they entail. The great, sovereign ocean is not yet wholly conquered; the rebellious sea has not wholly submitted to our enterprise and our science; and sometimes, when we have sent forth the proudest achievement of the builder's masterly skill, and boast that she is as strong as oak and iron can make her, the divinity of the unmeasured ocean, as if it felt that our triumph taunted it, sucks down with fierce exultation into the yesty wave the argosy, while the "sightless couriers of the air" whistle and scream in exultation over the rebuff and the rebuke of man's insolent challenge to the impious elements.

The less of human life which these

disasters involve, when stated in the aggregate is terrible. During the year 1853, almost two thousand deaths have been reported in our newspapers by the shipwreck of one hundred and thirty vessels. This would not be considered a very sanguinary loss in the bulletin of a single sea fight or land fight; but this, we are obliged to remember, is the dread mortality of peace. We paint commerce with a smiling brow, and scattering from her golden cornucopia everywhere plenty and prosperity. Upon her broad shield is blazoned the white winged ship sailing calmly over a still sea, or proudly driving through the insolent waves. It might add to the truth, if not to the attractiveness of such a heraldic device, if we pictured the foundering bark, going down into the infinite deep with her precious freight of men and women and children. Who shall write the tragedy of the seas? Who shall paint the concentrated agony of that too short moment of dissolution? The first sharp shock of the foundered bark—the trembling limbs which will scarce carry the affrighted and desperate voyager to the slippery deck—the wild, despairing look, cast upward, around, below for succor, and cast in vain—the swift and remorseless wave which cuts short the wretched cogita-

tion—the little ridiculous struggle with the maniac element—the last breath-bubble which floats unnoticed upon the ragged and hissing main? We say, it is all over now; but do we think that all the sorrow of the dreary night went under the inky wave with the miserable sufferer? Alas! by bright fire sides, upon the solid land; by bright fire sides which have grown chill and cheerless with hope deferred, sit the expectant of the loved and forever lost. The widowed mother, who starts with a fresh agony as the wind goes wailing by, shall never clasp again to her bosom her poor sailor boy, for, many fathoms deep his bones are bleaching, and his dear form suffering its sea change. Upon the busy mart, men say that such a ship is gone; they calculate her cargo and figure her insurance; but they do not and they cannot reckon the wealth of love which she dragged into the watery grave with her perfidious hull. They make no note of this agony in the exchanges, and it is not reported in the shipping-lists. "One lost," say the telegraphic despatches—only one! And so men pass on, with pleasant congratulations that things are no worse, and forget that the only one may be the only son of the widow, the only father of the orphan, the only loved of some maiden heart, the only pride of some wifely nature. In this nineteenth century of steam and steel, how beautifully do we estimate the value of a single human life!

Nor is it alone the sudden death by water which pictures itself to the reflecting mind as terrible. A more dismal fate may be in store for those who remain upon the broken and dismantled hull, or who start upon their dreary quest of safety and succor upon the wide, wide sea. They sit down to their meagre meal, but an unwonted guest, pale and ghostlike and sneering sits by them, and they know it is the spectre Starvation. They look into each others faces with wolfish and hungry eyes; they speak hoarsely to each other with cracked and blackened lips; sweet humanities turn to gall within their bosoms; their hearts become hard and their hands murderous, and God is good, if they

are saved from deeds too dreadful for recital, which may make all the after life thus ignobly preserved, a shame and a sorrow.

Nothing strikes the philosophic observer, in the contemplation of these crowding disasters, more forcibly than the evidence which they afford of danger of trusting too implicitly in human skill, and of the folly of boasting too confidently of human infallibility. If we are the great sea kings of history, we are true to the perturbations of the period, and find the elements eminently disloyal and revolutionary. Ours are, doubtless, braver barks than Roman ship or Grecian galley, the longest or the widest that ever floated upon the Mediterranean, bristling with a thousand oars. But human infirmity puts a limit upon the most rampant human pride. Those who know, tell us, that of all these disasters, at least one-third is caused by unskilfulness or carelessness. The conquering captain who flew to San Francisco with a speed that almost rivalled Puck's; who is handy in all manner of sailing, and knows the tides and currents better than he knows the little brook that runs through his paternal fields; who has never cost his owners or the underwriters a dollar, in an unlucky moment sails, with his eyes wide open, and in broad sunlight, and in calm weather, upon some notorious shoal which makes a blot upon his chart broader than his own brawny hand. The best blunder at last, and throw Wall street and State street into a paroxysm of consternation. So, too, the builder, whose triumphs of naval architecture have been blazoned for years in the public prints, gets baulked, now and then, and bewildered in his mensuration, and turns out a piece of 'prentice work, lop sided, or crank, or regardless of her rudder. One would think that by the moist details of steam we should be, by this time, letter-perfect; and yet, it is said, that the ill-luck of the *San Francisco* was in the insufficiency of her engine. Besides this, skillful men tell us, that she was from the beginning a dangerous ship—that the guards which ran all around her were enough to ensure her destruction—

that any decent ship would have ridden out the gale, which devoured her, in safety. So that from the commencement she was only a sham, and when she steamed out of the harbor of New York, merely a predestinate infernal machine for hundreds of her passengers.

These things may well afford a wholesome check to the infidel presumption of man, and put a martingale upon the caprioles and curvets of human reason. They serve to show to us, that with all our science and all our skill, we are still the slaves of enigmatical chances, of hidden potencies of lurking foes; that, wise as we think ourselves, we are the daily fools of our own fallacies, and the dupes of our own abominable devices. They are only another lesson of all those which Life and Nature now whisper and now shout to us, from the cradle to the grave; which come to us in the house of mourning, and by the hearth stones where our domestic gods lie shattered and broken; which make ruin eloquent and draw wisdom from defeat and disappointment and death. Such events repeat to us, with startling distinctness, the hard, stern fact of our subserviency to higher forces than any we are wont to recognize in the flush of triumph and the heyday of our little and partial successes, such catastrophes but serve to tell us, that Life must still be a struggle.—*N. B. Mercury.*

To Whom Does the Sailor Belong?

"The keepers of the hotels have publicly announced that after March 15th they will use all lawful means to prevent their boarders from leaving by railroad for a less allowance than eighteen cents for each passenger. Steamboats must allow fifteen cents each. After the same date also, board will be raised to one dollar per day. No boarders will be allowed to leave the city on Saturday."

What would be thought of a notice of this kind? Would there be a general feeling of intense indignation, or would not the absurdity of such a manifesto prove the insanity of its

authors? Yet in cool impudence it is fully equalled by the following paragraph which is going the rounds of the newspapers without note or comment:

"The keepers of the Sailor Boarding Houses have publicly announced that after March 15th, they will use all lawful means to prevent the shipment of seamen for less wages than \$18 per month, for voyages west of the Cape of Good Hope, and east of Cape Horn. For voyages to the east of Good Hope and west of Cape Horn, the wages must be \$15. After the same date, also, the sailors will be charged \$4 per week, or 60 cents per day, for board. No men will be put on board ships on Saturday."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

"Strikes" are now common and often mischievous to employers and employees, but there can be no question as to the abstract right of any man, or of any body of men (so long as they do not compel others to join them) to withhold their labor if not contracted for until their wages are advanced. It then remains with the employers to accede to their terms or to hire other men if they can do so advantageously. But the bold effrontery of this throws all common strikes into the shade. You and I have known for a long time what manner of men these sailor landlords generally are, and have often endeavored to give the public some idea of their rascality, but now we have material aid from themselves, as they boldly announce that sailors belong to them! Were it otherwise, did sailors feel themselves aggrieved, they are abundantly able to strike upon their own account. Those among them possessing self-respect will now strike to be freed from the fetters that bind them. Slavery is looking out for its interests in these days, and the landlords want \$18 (or rather \$36, for it is always two months advance,) for turning their chattels out of their rum-holes and "putting" them on board of ships on such days, and such only as suit their convenience!

We all know that it matters little to the majority of sailors whether

their wages are \$18 or \$8 per month. They carry no money away, and whatever their rate of wages, their "kit" is much the same in value. But it makes an essential difference to the landlord—all that Jack is paid off with, and all that is advanced for his next voyage, belongs to him. What is made by prosecuting the officers and the ship is a half profit arrangement between the landlord and some pettifogging lawyer. But the sailor himself is more immediately the property of the former. He belongs to him body and soul, and so he will ever, till the public awaken to a greater interest in his welfare than it has yet done, although abuses are becoming so frequent and so palpable, that eyes are beginning to open. It remains to be seen what effect this manifesto will have in New-York, and whether merchants will submit to this slaveholding tariff. Of course the landlords have a right to advance their price of board, and it matters very little whether the rate be \$3.50 or \$4. Jack's personal property on sailing will not be effected by the change. The regular board charged by the landlord is a very small part of his profits. He can board the sailor for two cents per week, and become rich at that! He gets Jack's money when he is paid off, "to keep for him." He does keep it. He takes his advance "to buy him some clothes and tobacco." He does buy—not much. Jack is then "put on board," and a long account is handed him. His intellect having been very muddy since his arrival, is particularly so on his departure, so that the items jump Jim Crow all over the paper, and he can't recollect whether he has been ashore a fortnight or six months, but he supposes it is all right. He feels jolly, says, "Good bye, old boy," to the landlord, and claps on to the topsail halyards.

In a day or two, after perhaps a touch of delirium tremens, his long lost senses return. He feels how miserably he has been duped, and swears that he will never trust *that* landlord again. But he does—for when he returns to port, that same slimy shark crawls on board again, a

smile on his face, a bottle in his hand, and again slides poor Jack into his insatiable maw!

Merchants, we call upon you!—The war long covertly waged against sailors, shipmasters and yourselves, is now openly proclaimed. You are offered a pitched battle. Will you decline it, when by one onset all their ammunition may be destroyed? Make one successful onslaught upon the system of ADVANCE WAGES, and the victory is yours. Therein lies all their strength and all their power for evil. Now is the crisis, the time to show your spirit or your submission. Two powerful though often opposing incentives to action, urge you on, self-interest and benevolence, for the conquest will not only ensure your own independence, but will raise degraded beings to the ranks of men.

RINGBOLT.

We republish from the Boston Journal the above communication by a sea captain, that all parties may have a hearing and fair play. "No men will be put on board *Saturday*." Saturday is a typographical error; it should have read *Sunday*, then in principle it is right.

The writer seems to have supposed that the combination is solely of "land sharks," or rum landlords; there too, he is mistaken. The facts are these. As early as last October similar action was taken by sailor landlords in Boston, including the keepers of the temperance houses and sailor's homes. The temperance houses found the necessity of raising the price of board in consequence of the increasing prices of provisions; but the sailor was paying all he could afford with his low wages. Hence the necessity of a combination for the increase of wages. We accord with the Captain that the principle in the mode of doing it is bad; and it would have been much better for the sailors to have taken the matter into their own hands, if in their power. Our

motto is, let the rights of all be protected and equal justice be meted out to all.

The operation of the Boston move, was to draw sailors, and the better class too, from New-York to Boston to ship for better wages; hence the necessity for the combination here, which really operates for the interest of the owner as well as the sailor and the landlord. It is true the sharks are in the combination; but this time probably not with so evil intentions as ordinarily.

We wish the Captain abundant success in the "onslaught upon the system of ADVANCE WAGES."

Far better for all concerned, except the sharks, to give the sailor \$36 a month and pay him when the work is done, than pay him \$18 a month and \$40 advance to Europe as a bounty for him to run away from the ship there to take refuge in the jaws of the shark.

It would cost no more to get the ship to Europe, and often be greatly to the comfort of the Captain and interest of the crew. If we would get better men into the service we must pay better wages and have them earned before received.

Let go that Stern Line.

I stood on the wharf at New York, a few years since, watching a Boston brig get ready for sea; the top-sails and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards stretched out ready to run it up. Just at this moment a gentleman, who had been looking on, sprung from the wharf to the quarter-deck; inquiring as he did so, of the mate in command, "Are you all ready?" "All ready, sir," said the officer; for he recognised in the gentleman referred to, the Pilot who was to take her through the Narrows.

Then came the command: "Stand by to run up that jib!" "Hands by

the head braces l" "Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line!" Let go! Man the top-sail halyards. Run 'em up, boys—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet! She pays off fine—there she goes, and—Hilloa! Hilloa! What's the matter? What's fast there? "Starboard the helm! Starboard!" shouted the Pilot. "What holds her? Is there anything foul ast, there? Why, look at that stern line! Heave it off the timber head—Heave off that turn!" "It's foul ashore, sir," said one of the crew. "Then cut it, cut it! D'ye hear? Never mind the hawser. Cut it before she loses her way." By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser: a seaman drew his sheath knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the "Billow, of Boston," filled away.

I was at that time among the careless—I was "*without God in the world*," and consequently was not in a condition to moralize on so common an event. But since then I have learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and that scene has been sensibly recalled to my mind very often.

For example. When I see men who have immortal souls to save, bound to the world by "*the cords of their sins*," and remember that God has said "*Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope.*"—(Isa. v. 8.)—then I think of that scene, and feel like crying out, Gather in your breast lines, and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, as Lot from guilty Sodom!

There are many—and you, my Reader, may be among the number—who make no effort to cast loose from the scene of danger. Is it so with you? Or are you to be counted with those who feel that all is not as safe as it should be, and therefore cherish the desire to remove? Then why have you not hauled off, or backed out, before this? "O," you say, "I don't know how it is. There is some obstacle in the way." Yes, I believe you. Some cord of sin is fast, which you are unwilling to let go. There

are some whose outward conduct would indicate that they are really in earnest—that they are apprised of their danger, and long to escape the “wages of sin” for which they have so long labored; they have hoisted the sails of their affections, the breezes of divine grace seem already to fan them; all is ready for a start—but there is some line, some “cord,” holding them. Friend, it may be that you are precisely in that fix. Let me, then, ask you a few plain and simple questions. Do not be offended if I appear to be in earnest in my inquiries, for I have your good at heart.

Have you given your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ? This involves the whole of Religion. This decides the question of your Salvation. This, too, is a personal question, you will perceive. You are not required to answer for your neighbor, but for *yourself*. I am aware that it may appear difficult for you to give a definite answer to this inquiry, but it is not quite so formidable as it appears. Let me suppose that you answer this question by saying “No;” and yet qualify the answer by stating that you “have often tried to be religious but in vain,” and yet you “cannot tell the reason why.”

Did it ever occur to you that the Bible might solve that question? There is a reason assigned there for this failure. In Proverbs v. 22, it is said: “*His own iniquity shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.*” And again, the Apostle James, speaking by the Spirit, asserts that the blame can only be attached to the individual in such cases. His words are: “*Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man: But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed.*” Have you not been “holden” and “drawn” by the cords of some darling sin—some “easily besetting sin?” Is not such a cord holding you to this world and its pleasures? How is it? I am afraid you do not desire to let go everything.

Let us see, if we can, what that

“cord” is. *Are you a Sabbath breaker?*

You say “No, not altogether. I do work sometimes on the Sabbath, it is true; for if I did not the boat would lose her trip, and I should lose my berth.”

Aye, *there's the rub*. Your “berth,” and the boat’s trip” are more valuable than your soul. But answer me—“*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*” Suppose you “foot it up,” and “strike the balance.” Put your “berth” and “the boat’s trip” in one scale, and your soul in the other, and you need not wait for any one to kick the beam. Get up steam, and keep your chains and lines fast ashore, and *something must part* before you can make any progress, and *you know that*. Sabbath breaking is a great sin, a strong cord, holding you back, and keeping your soul from Christ. *Let go that line!*

You use profane language, it may be, sometimes. You take “the name of God in vain.” You must let go *that line*. God declares that He “*will not hold them guiltless that take his name in vain.*” Christ commands, “*Swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne: Nor by the earth, for it is His footstool: * * * Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.*” Let your communication be *Yea, Yea; Nay, Nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.*” Do you say, “I know it is a bad habit?” Then *let it go!* Cut it. Better cut the hawser, than lose the craft.

One is held by Lust, another by Pride, another by Love of Money, which is the “*root of all evil;*” another is careless—but these are all strands in the hawser of Unbelief. Let them *all go!*

Another strong line that holds the soul fast in its thrall is the love of, or the use of, *Intoxicating Drinks.* How many has it drawn from the bar of the rum shop, or steamboat, to the bar of the Criminal Court, and thence

to the gallows—and too often to the drunkard's grave and the bar of judgment! The rest, you know. God declares, "*The drunkard shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Let go *that line!* Do you plead for the stimulus and excitement? Let it go. If it be as dear as a "right hand, cut it off!" If it be as dear as a "right eye, pluck it out!"

Scepticism and hatred of the truth is another strong cord; Ambition unsanctified is another. A thousand cords bind the soul to earth—some of them secret sins, it is true—but they are none the less strong, and tenacious of their hold on the soul on that account. Evil companions, evil propensities, evil habits—all have their influence, and fetter the soul. Can you expect the chained eagle to soar, or the lark to carol in the heavens with clipped wings? Then do not blame me for crying out, Let go *that line!*

When I see a man "*having no hope, and without God in the world,*" and feel that he is "*holden with the cords of his sins,*" I sing out, *Let go that line!*

If I see a man desecrating the day which God has consecrated to rest—taking his own pleasure in its sacred hours, and turning away from the sanctuary, I wish he would let go *that line.* When I see one drawn into the vortex of destruction by the poison bowl and the "strange woman," I am grieved at heart, and involuntarily exclaim, Let go *that line?* For I know that Christ was lifted up that He might "*draw all men unto him,*" and that he is willing now to *draw* them with the cords of his love. Why do you not come to him? Why not "*cast off*" your sins by repentance, and shape your course for the shores of eternal life? "*Lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset you,*" and run the race set before you in the Gospel, "*looking to Jesus.*" He came to "*loose them that are bound*"—to "*let the oppressed go free,*" and "*to break every yoke.*" Look well to your own heart, then, and see if there be any secret sins that are holding you. Examine yourselves closely, in the

light of God's holy word, and if you find any sin which is arresting you in your course heavenward, and holding you back from God, break it as Samson broke the green withes with which his Delilah had bound him! and ever bear in mind that you are accountable to God for the exhortation of a friend, who, seeing your danger, warned you to Let go *that stern line.*

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Sailor's Love of the Sea.

BY REV. HENRY M. PARSONS.

Life has been likened to the ocean. The comparison is appropriate, not merely because both are bearing us onward to our destination, whether we wake or sleep, but because both are invested with illusions. The sailor, embarking on his voyage, cherishes so much of hope, and is animated by so much of buoyancy, that he sees not the discomforts that will multiply on his course, and hears not the moanings of the tempest that may rend his canvass, snap asunder his masts, and entomb him in the deep.

Such is the voyage of life. Man enters upon it in untried ardor, unconscious that later years will dissipate his anticipations, weaken his energies, oppress his spirit, and render him the wreck of his former self. In the earlier part of his career, he is confident that the rough winds of to-day will be followed by the gentle airs of to-morrow. But towards the close of his voyage, each passing storm becomes increasingly perilous, in consequence of diminished strength.

The youthful sailor loves the sea. But he loves it for the adventures, enjoyments and treasures with which it tempts him. The aged sailor loves the sea. But he loves it because it is his home—he has little else to love. This remark is illustrated in the following story of an aged mariner, who had been discharged from a man of

war, because too infirm to be of further service. With his little store, the broken-down sailor reached his native place. This was a quiet village, on the shore of a narrow bay, communicating with the sea. The playmates of his childhood had one by one departed to their graves. The dwellings, the fields, the very trees of his native place had all been changed. But the waters still laved the beach, as they did before he became a wanderer, and to them he attached himself as to familiar friends. Despite the counsel and importunity of kind hearts, who had learned his story and would gladly have administered to his comfort, the veteran rover procured a slight canoe, and day after day, and month after month might he have been seen in all kinds of weather, urging his slender bark over the placid waters or guiding it amidst the excited billows, with seemingly unequal strength, but with the dexterity of long experience. The sea was the only link that bound his affections to life. It was not known how, or under what circumstances he died, but his canoe was found floating one morning near the shore, no longer occupied by its venerable pilot. He had clung to the deep long after he had experienced its hardships and mourned over its disappointments.

Boston Marine Mission.

We have received the report of the MARINE MISSION at LARGE in Boston. Captain T. V. Sullivan, Missionary.

The title of the pamphlet is "SCARCITY OF SEAMEN," which indicates the burden and discussion of the report. It proposes a remedy in a voluntary Apprenticeship system, and in encouraging seamen to become owners in ships and cargoes. The theory

of ownership is good; but there are practical difficulties in the way, one of which is, the irresponsibility of companies, likely to engage in the undertaking. We fear the confiding sailor will find himself again a dupe to artful, and designing land sharks.

Could responsible merchants and owners be induced to grant such encouragements to their crews, by allowing them to buy into the ship or cargo, and share in the profits, we think the tendency would be most happy on the sailor, and the profits of commerce. We have not room for the body of the report, but give a few

EXTRACTS FROM THE APPENDIX.

The want of Able Seamen is General.

Among the numerous disasters by sea during the present winter, attended with a sad loss of human life, the recent wreck of the English ship Tayleur, on the Coast of Ireland, stands conspicuous. The Tayleur was a new ship, constructed of Iron, of more than 2000 tons, and sailed from Liverpool for Australia, with a valuable cargo, and a large number of passengers. She experienced a heavy gale in the Channel, and went on shore at Lambay, in the vicinity of Dublin Bay. The whole number of souls on board, are stated to have been 660, of which 282 only were saved. Of those lost 250 were women and children. The loss of the vessel was generally attributed to errors in the compass, and to the inefficiency of her crew, fifteen only out of fifty men were able seamen. The crew included Chinese and Lascars, who were unable to understand the English language, and the orders were therefore imperfectly executed. The vessel is said to have drifted about at the mercy of the winds and waves, for several hours before the wreck.

The idea not unfrequently entertained and expressed is, that "seamen cannot be influenced by proper motives to do right." This is a libel on the whole class, and bears alike on officers and seamen. There is a strange inconsistency here. It is

common to speak of sailors—"as a class of noble, generous hearted men who will go any lengths to serve a friend, or deny themselves to benefit others; as the soul of honor, chivalrous and gallant, and in their way polite," and yet, these same men, from among whom a larger proportion of nature's noblemen may be produced than from any other equal portion of the human race, "cannot be influenced by motives to do right"—cannot be treated with as other men, have no appreciation of kindness, and as little of the value of property; that they are too migratory in spirit to become attached to any particular place; and more of the same sort which might be named. But time, and a better knowledge of the sailor, than is now generally possessed, will set this matter right, and we can well afford to wait the event. For the present, by way of commentary on the general subject, and with the design more fully to illustrate certain points brought to view in the foregoing pages, a few illustrative facts are furnished which may assist in giving completeness to the view taken.

The Sailor needs an interest in the Ship.

Why should he not have it, if it will be for his benefit, and that of the owners? The principle of fractional joint interest in the ship, or in her earnings, by the common sailor, is no new doctrine, it prevails to some extent among the Eastern vessels, and is general in the Cod, the Mackerel, and Whale Fisheries; in the latter, not always to the advantage of the sailor. We hear of small "Lays," long voyages with much wear and tear, and an inflated "slop-chest," and sometimes the sailor, at the end of a three year's voyage, finds himself "astern the lighter." Nevertheless, the principle in itself is good—good for the sailor as for the principal owner; were it not, Commerce and the Fisheries would be at an end. It is only when the arrangement between the parties is inequitable, and bears unjustly on the sailor, that the principle works badly. Applied to the case of the sailor in the merchant ship, it works as follows:

A retired ship-master relates of

himself, that "during the period in which he sailed 'before the mast,' he made a voyage in a Salem East Indiaman, to Sumatra, and thence to Europe. On board that ship the custom prevailed, of allowing to each of the crew a half ton privilege, to be filled with the Sailor's Venture; the Captain effecting sales on the sailors' account without charge. Navigation also, was taught on board by the officers. As the result of all this pains-taking to benefit seamen, nearly all of that crew subsequently became officers of vessels."

The Sailor needs to know his Employer.

This is the privilege of the mechanic on shore, and why should it not be of the sailor at sea? The former needs not the countenance and favor of his employer as does the sailor. Around him is thrown every needed safeguard, his every interest, personal and social, his own proper manhood included are protected by law; and the conventionalities of society. How different the condition of the sailor—a homeless wanderer, every where a stranger, his character and claims seldom understood, or at least not acknowledged. To him, kindness is as rare as flowers in mid-winter, and as grateful when met with. A ship-master, who commenced his sea life about the time of the discovery of South Shetland, and who made his first voyage to that inhospitable region, relates the following incident to illustrate the effect of kindness and attention on the part of a ship-owner. "The gentleman (who understood sailors better than some who rail against them,) accompanied the ship down the harbor and returned with the pilot. While on board he addressed the crew on the nature of the voyage, spoke of his own expectations and hopes, and expressed his confidence in the ability and good conduct of the crew as the main dependence in the making of a voyage. The effect of that well-timed benevolent speech, was like magic, and of a large ship's company of men and boys, there was not one that did not feel its full force, or that was not influenced by it for good, during the long and most unpleasant voyage."

Sailors can be Trusted.

In the sweeping charges often brought against sailors, the exceptions made are usually rare, and few in number, those who are admitted to possess redeeming traits of character. This is most unfortunate, as it operates to the injury of the whole class, and tends to depress, rather than to stimulate and encourage to an honorable course. A ship master furnishes the following, to illustrate the readiness of seamen generally to do right, when properly influenced. For several years "he run a packet between New York and a port in South America. The custom then, as now, was to load and unload with stevedores, the crew being discharged immediately on the return of the vessel to her port, where there was a detention ordinarily of from three to four weeks. Becoming at length wearied with bad crews, he ventured on an experiment and shipped a crew of average moral character, selected from a number of men sent on board by the shipping officer, and went to sea. On setting the watches at night, the men were called together, and he addressed them briefly, in regard to their duty, and promised them, on his part, kind and just treatment. They had never before been treated thus, and it surprised and won them. On entering port, at the close of the voyage, they came aft in a body and asked permission to stay by the vessel, discharge her cargo, load and go to sea in her again. The proposition was submitted to the owner, but he objected, he had no faith, he said, in sailors. The captain urged the suit of his crew, to whom he had become attached, and the owner at length consented. They staid by the ship, and more than realized the expectations entertained of them. They made repeated voyages in the same vessel under his command, doing their duty like men when at sea, and when in port proving the best of ship-keepers and stevedores, with much saving of expense to the ship, and of anxiety and trouble to owners and officers."

Good Officers make good Men.

THE NOBLE COMMODORE.—The following account of an interesting

occurrence which took place in this city in November, 1845, and which created no little sensation at the time, is taken from the "Boston Post." It speaks for itself.

"The crew of the United States Frigate Cumberland, at this port, preceded by the brass band, and bearing aloft at regular intervals the National flag, walked in procession to the United States Hotel, to pay their parting respects to their beloved Commodore. The sailors were dressed in blue jackets and trowsers, white frocks with blue collars, and black hats with the frigate's name on the bands. The farewell salutation of the tars, and the reply of the gallant Commodore, to use one of Father Taylor's phrases—'were all soul,' and the cheers and music blending, sent up parting echoes that were heard miles distant. Nothing can be more morally true than the old saying, that good officers make good men."—and vice versa.

Eleven Shipwrecked Seamen saved by a Dog.

The London papers contain an account of the wreck of the British ship *Rebecca*, on the coast of Van Dieman's land with the loss of the Captain, his wife and nineteen of the crew. The *Rebecca* was bound from London to Sydney. On the 29th of April she reached the west coast of Van Dieman's Land, and while sailing at the rate of eight and a half knots, struck violently on a reef. Attempts to get her off proved unavailing, and she continued to drive on shore fast, and within an hour was thrown on her broadside, the sea washed completely over her. The masts were cut away but failing to bring her upright, a boat was lowered and pushed off, containing the second mate and Mrs. Shepard, with a lad and seven seamen; the boat, however, was almost immediately swamped, and but three of the seamen succeeded in reaching the shore, about a quarter of a mile distant. The rest found a watery grave. The master and the remainder of the crew, finding that the ship was fast breaking up, finally resolved to make an attempt to reach the shore. Eight

only succeeded. Captain Sheppard was drowned.

The eleven survivors formed an encampment and commenced an exploring of the surrounding country. They could find no inhabitants. After two weeks of suffering and privation during which time they subsisted upon stores washed up from the wreck, they were surprised at the appearance of a dog, which they hailed as the harbinger of deliverance. They wrote an account of their situation and tied it round the dog's neck. The dog belonged to a gentleman, named Burgess, who with a party, was exploring the country. Upon reading the note, they immediately set out for the wreck, and came up with the survivors on the 23d day after landing. They were fast sinking, but through care and kindness their lives were preserved. They eventually started for Hobart Town, which they all reached in safety.

A Boston Millionaire.

A minister in Maine gives us the following particulars in the life of Robert G. Shaw, one of the merchant princes of Boston, who died some time since, leaving about two millions of dollars. It will be seen from what humble origin and with how many hard struggles men attain to the highest positions.

Mr. Shaw was a native of Gouldsborough, Maine. His father had six children, of whom four lived to mature years. An uncle of Robert G. Shaw lived in Boston, who was engaged in the East India trade. When a boy, Robert G. visited Boston, where he remained a few months with another uncle, by whom he was employed as a clerk in his store. He resolved however, to return to Maine, and was about starting in a vessel of which his grandfather was captain, when suddenly he changed his mind and concluded to stay longer. His grandfather sailed, and was wrecked on his voyage on the Grand Menan Island, and perished with all on board. Mr. Shaw concluded, as his life was saved by staying in Boston, that he would remain there; and so honest

and faithful was he, that he could go into business just as he chose, and obtain all the assistance he needed. It was sixty-four years ago that he was clerk in Boston.

Gouldsborough is about fifty miles distant from Machias in Eastern Maine. Mr. Shaw left eight children. He was liberal to his less fortunate relatives in Maine, often enclosing a check of \$100 in a kind letter, while his generosity was freely and nobly extended beyond the family circle. At his death, he bequeathed about \$200,000 to establish an institution in Boston, for the education of the children of poor sailors.—*Concord Concord Journal.*

The Cow-Fish.

One day the fisherman brought us in a fine "peixe boi," or cow-fish, a species of Manatus, which inhabits the Amazon, and is particularly abundant in the lakes in this part of the river. It was a female, about six feet long, and near five in circumference in the thickest part. The body is perfectly smooth, and without any projections or inequalities, gradually changing into a horizontal semi-circular flat tail, with no appearance whatever of hind limbs. There is no distinct neck; the head is not very large, and is terminated by a large mouth and fleshy lips, somewhat resembling those of a cow. There are stiff bristles on the limbs, and a few distantly scattered hairs over the body. Behind the head are two powerful oval fins, and just beneath them are the breasts, from which, pressure being applied, flows a stream of beautiful white milk. The ears are minute holes, and the eyes very small, the color is a dusky lead, with some large pinkish white marble blotches on the belly. The skin is about an inch thick on the back, and a quarter of an inch on the belly. Beneath the skin is a layer of fat of a greater or less thickness, generally about an inch, which is boiled down to make an oil used for light and for cooking. The intestines are very voluminous, the heart about the size of a sheep's, and the lungs about two feet long, and six

or seven inches wide, very cellular and spongy, and can be blown out like a bladder. The skull is large and solid, with no front teeth; the vertebræ extends to the very tip of the tail, but show no rudiments of posterior limbs; the fore limbs, on the contrary, are very highly developed, the bones exactly correspond to those of the human arm, having even the five fingers, with every joint distinct, yet enclosed, in a stiff, inflexible skin, where not a joint can have any motion.

The cow-fish feeds on grass at the borders of the rivers and lakes, and swims quickly with the tail and paddles; and though the external organs of sight and hearing are so imperfect, these senses are said by the hunters to be remarkably acute, and to render necessary all their caution and skill to capture the animals. They bring forth one, or rarely two young ones, which they clasp in their arms or paddles while giving suck. They are harpooned, or caught in a strong net, at the narrow entrance of a lake or stream, and are killed by driving a wooden plug with a mallet up their nostrils. Each yields from five to twenty-five gallons of oil. The flesh is good, being something between beef and pork, and this one furnished us with several meals, and was an agreeable change from our fish diet.

—*Wallace's Travels on the Amazon.*

Sentimental Geography.

ANTHONY VAN DIEMEN, governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skillful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had ex-

changed pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight; the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of.—Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor.—Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Dieman therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642, and like an enamored swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Diemen's Land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moode-nare's (Murdeler's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days, the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land, but the extreme northern point

of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.—*Household Words.*

New York Bible Society.

Extracts from the report of Mr. John S. Pierson, Marine Agent.

"March.—Some two hundred and seven volumes have gone this month upon five vessels bearing emigrants (from forty to two hundred each) to the gold regions in Australia. The captains have also taken tracts in charge for regular Sunday distribution during the voyage; and in two cases were supplied with a volume of sermons, to enable them to conduct divine service in the absence of a clergyman. On the barks Oregon and Theaxana, the owners co-operate in placing in the cabin of each a library of near one hundred volumes, for the use of the passengers."

"January.—Four hundred and four Testaments (mostly of the sixpenny pocket edition) have been furnished this month to the captains of four of the San Juan and Aspinwall steamers, for distribution among some 2,500 passengers bound to California. I consider this one of the most useful of the Society's distributions. The books are not expensive, and come more unfailingly into hands where they will

be valued and read, than perhaps any other of my gratuitous distributions. The testimony of the captains who aid in this matter is unanimous as to the hearty good will with which the books are received. I regret that I cannot give it to the Board in the glowing terms, in which, on a number of occasions, I have heard it expressed.

"Generally, upon the first Sabbath out, notices (of which copies are sent with each package) are posted, calling the attention of the passengers to the fact that a copy of the New Testament is at the service of any person who may be unprovided. This brings applications; and the supply is frequently exhausted in a few hours. On the steamer ——, the mate informed me, that the time chosen was toward the end of the voyage, when the transfer tickets for the steamer on the other side were issued at the office. Testaments were in sight, for such as desired with their tickets."

"November.—Some sixty ships bound to Liverpool, London, Havre, Bremen, and Antwerp, have, during the month, received suitable supplies of Testaments for distribution to their steerage passengers, on the return passage to this country. The American Tract Society also send packages of assorted tracts in the English, German, Low Dutch, French, and Welsh languages, for the same purpose. These form an excellent introduction to the Testaments, and are often accepted where they would not be. Printed directions for the distribution accompany the whole."

"In four cases this month the smallness of the supply sent was spoken of with regret. On one vessel the captain welcomes the supplies, as furnishing matter to occupy his passengers, and keep them quiet. He speaks of them as if they were a regular ration not to be dispensed with, and makes it a subject of complaint that he 'was out of tracts for a *whole week* last voyage.'

"On the ship ——, the steward (himself deeply interested in the work) informed me that the supplies were carefully dispensed by Rev. Mr. ——,

a cabin passenger. On another ship the captain's wife succeeded admirably, in the same delicate office, among the Catholic passengers. On several vessels, we are indebted to the first officer of the ship for very thorough distributions."

"September.—On the ship——, from Liverpool, a cabin passenger, a reporter for a Dublin paper and a Romanist, talked blusteringly about 'this miserable proselyting business,' threatening to write an account of it for publication at home. The ship's doctor, who, though a Catholic, had aided cordially on former voyages, was so far intimidated as to decline helping as usual. 'When I heard of this,' said the captain, 'I soon let it be understood that I was master of the ship, and that all who wanted should have tract or Testament without molestation. And to show that it was not a matter to be ashamed of, I gave out myself on the remaining Sundays. The Irish passengers took quite generally, and read.'

"The occasional destruction of Testaments and tracts by bigoted Romanists (almost exclusively Irish) is a thing to be regretted; though occurring as it does unfrequently, it forms no argument against our distributions. I may here say, that generally no one is more sensitive to such cases of waste than the captain or the mate who has undertaken to distribute both from that sentiment of respect for the volume of God's Word, which dislikes to see it wantonly abused, (a sentiment pervading, I firmly believe, no class of men more thoroughly than sea-faring men,) and also from a praiseworthy motive of prudence.—The first impulse in such cases is to discontinue further distribution, except among Protestants; and I have frequently to combat this tendency. A few Testaments and tracts, ostentatiously torn up, should not be allowed to put out of mind the hundreds quietly taken and preserved. Were the waste one in ten, (and that is undoubtedly too large an allowance,) it would be a moderate percentage of insurance to pay in working so difficult a field; less, indeed, (and so I take pains to represent,) than the So-

cieties furnishing the supplies are prepared to encounter. In every sowing of the Divine Word, some of the seed must 'fall by the way-side,' and some 'upon the rock.'"

"December.—Captain P., of the packet ship ——, states, that his method of dealing with his Irish passengers is to give a few at a time, writing inside of the cover of each the name of the ship, the date, and the number of miles yet remaining of the voyage; and that they will be seen from day to day, Testament in hand, computing their distance from New York. 'There is no danger of their destroying these books.'

"April.—I still continue to avail myself of the numerous opportunities, furnished by our almost ubiquitous commerce, for benefiting those with whom it may come in contact in foreign lands, by placing upon vessels, bound to Roman Catholic countries, small supplies of Testaments, &c., in the suitable languages, for distribution to foreigners who may be passengers, or who may visit the vessel. For this work of making colporteurs of our seamen, the central position of New York affords unsurpassed advantages; nor is there any lack of religious captains, and others not professing religion, who might be easily interested in a system of operations of this kind, and become our steady co-workers. With all the efforts of our great Societies, missionaries and Bible agents are few and far between, on the face of the heathen and Roman Catholic world. But sailors go every where; to the little fishing hamlet on the coast,—to the lonely island in the Pacific, not yet down on the map, but already inhabited with fugitives from civilization,—and up the deadly African river, where the missionary could not live; and let the Bible or the Testament and the tract in the appropriate language be in the chest or on the cabin-table, or in an extra copy on the book-shelf for distribution, and a most economical and valuable circulation of the Gospel might be achieved. During the past month, I have reached in this way, through some thirty-one vessels, Madeira, Lisbon, Oporto, Marseilles, Terragona, Rio Grande in

Brazil, the Canary Islands, Loango on the African coast, and many other ports nearer at hand, on and contiguous to our own continent."

"December.—The valuable results of these distributions, in carrying far and wide a knowledge of the Scriptures, and in creating a thirst for them and for evangelical reading, are frequently seen; and are, doubtless, much more frequently realized without the real cause of them being known. Thus in the present month, I heard casually of an order for eighteen copies of the Portuguese Scriptures, coming from Maranhaam, Brazil, upon a vessel which I have kept supplied from voyage to voyage, with a few Testaments, and presented with a Portuguese Bible for the cabin-table.

"Another illustration of the same point is furnished on the packet brig from Cuba, similarly furnished.—Among her passengers, on the last voyage hither, was a young Cuban, son of a wealthy planter in the interior. This young man was much interested in the Spanish Bible and books which he found in the Cabin library,—and, by means of the address inscribed, with some difficulty found his way to my office, in order to procure a supply to send to his friends at home. He said that his father's library contained the Bible, with notes, in eight large volumes, but that the tracts (and especially those on the subject of Protestantism) would be a novelty. He wished to purchase also a Bible for himself, but hesitated to take our version, as he had been informed that it was an adulterated one. He called several times about this, and finally, after hearing my explanations, and comparing the corrected version with the Catholic one of Padre Scio, (a copy of which I offered him in case he decided for it,) he deliberately chose the Protestant version.—This was an interesting case; for with more than usual intelligence, there was a certain seriousness and resolute interest in religious matters, which indicated a very hopeful state of mind. At his request I procured for him a copy of 'James' Young Man from Home,' one of the books that had pleased him so on board ship.

"Another case of interest was that of a Spanish sailor, of some fifty years of age,—an old man-of-war's man, late of the U. S. Ship Independence, who called at the office to see about getting a Spanish Bible. Years ago, he said, while standing in front of a boarding house in Cherry Street, a person gave him a tract, and finding him a foreigner, had brought him a Bible in his own language, which he soon learned to love as a great treasure. He had not been easy since he parted with it to a countryman in Buenos Ayres, and now he wanted two, so that he could have a copy to give away, and yet keep his own.—These he bought, as well as other Spanish books: to these I added several Testaments, &c., in the same language, for distribution among his shipmates, and he went away much pleased. This man, with his intelligent face, and his neat rig of white pantaloons blue shirt and tarpaulin, speaking of thirst, temperance, and self-respect, was a good specimen of what a sailor may be, and what we hope he will often be, not long hence.

"Says the captain of the barque _____, regular trader to a Spanish-American port, who, for several voyages has taken Spanish supplies for distribution to his passengers, &c., 'I want you, for the coming voyage, to give me all the books you can. I took up the last to M_____, the capital, eighty miles in the interior, and had no opposition from the Bishop, as on the previous occasion. The priest at _____(this port) is my warm friend, and does not hesitate to speak in favor of the books publicly. His approval has done much for their circulation there. At M_____, when we were at the dinner-table—some twenty or so, at the hotel—a play-actor took occasion to praise the Spanish spelling-book, of which you sent specimens, and to read aloud some of the Scripture passages in it. He pronounced them sublime. I have a special request from this man for a Bible, as also from a judge of the High Court, a man of eminence. Little can be done now in the matter of selling. The book must be circulated enough to make it known, and then a

demand may be expected to arise. A portion of the Spanish tracts I gave to a school, and soon had applications from children and parents for more.' I need scarcely say, that it was a pleasure to procure for the Captain the additional supplies he wanted, especially two assorted packages of interesting Spanish publications for the schools."

" April.—Heard to-day of an order brought by Captain ——, of the packet bark ——, for one thousand copies of the Spanish Tract Primer, an evangelical book of some ninety pages, containing many lessons from the Bible, lately published by the American Tract Society, for circulation in schools at a port in the West Indies, the result of several specimen copies placed in the cabin with our Testaments, &c., on a previous voyage. Also had the pleasure of forwarding an order for eighteen dozen of the same work coming in the same manner on another vessel."

" May.—The captain of the Danish brig ——, running to Porto Rico, informs me that the supercargo, a young West Indian of good family, read very attentively the Spanish Bible in the cabin, and was especially struck by the copy of 'D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation' in Spanish, which I had procured for him when last here. On finishing it, he exclaimed, 'I am a Catholic no longer! This religion of Luther is the true religion!' and when he reached home, he scandalized his friends by avowing openly the same sentiments, telling them, ' You have not got the true religion,' &c."

" August.—Upon a number of American vessels, I have reports of distributions in the Spanish language, in the West Indies, &c. In one case the captain speaks of sending most of his supplies by a mechanic, a passenger, going to work at a plantation in the interior. In another instance, a similar distribution was effected through the country people bringing down fruit to the seaport. In another, the schoolmaster was much gratified by a present of some reading for himself and his scholars. In another, the captain brings \$2 00, returns for books sold.

June.—" The pious, warm-hearted mate of a packet to a port in the West Indies writes me as follows, in regard to a small parcel of Testaments and tracts supplied him in the French language :

" ' I am happy to say, that the cause of our blessed Lord is increasing at P——. Those Testaments and other books in French, which you gave me for distribution, were received with a thankful heart and sincere gratitude. I had a large number of men and women calling to me when they saw me, ' Oh, Captain, do give me the Word of God!' and when they found I had no more to give, they turned away with marks of sorrow.'

" He takes back with him several Bibles (on request) for English and American prisoners, seamen and others, lying in the prison at that port.

" From Captain P., who took out the steamer Manazanares, last June, to her route upon the river Magdalena in New Grenada, I have a glowing account of the usefulness of a supply of Spanish Testaments and other publications procured for him from the American Bible and Tract Societies. On his course up the river, his vessel, being a novelty, was thronged with visitors from the banks, and he found that his supply would soon be exhausted if he gave to every one who asked; so he adopted the method of leaving, at each village touched at, a parcel for the village-school. As long as the books lasted, he was, to use his words, 'the greatest man in that region.' In illustration of the value put upon them, he mentioned the case of an old woman, who watched for him on the voyage down, and came on board with three eggs wrapped up in her apron, to beg at least one more 'libro.' She had received two four-page tracts. The captain found several at the bottom of his drawer, and she went away completely happy. He states that there is very little difficulty in distributing in those parts. Since the Jesuits have been expelled from the country, the priests are very timid about crossing the inclinations of the people, and the people are increasingly curious about Protestantism, and more and more ready to read the Bible and heretical books.'

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Surgery at Sea.

Extraordinary Operation on the Subclavian Vein by the Mate of a Vessel.—Recovery.

The following narrative is given with three objects: Firstly, to show the value of self-control and common sense, in scenes of danger; secondly, the resources of nature under the most desperate circumstances; and thirdly, to correct the boastful surgeon, when he feels inclined to convince the world that all that is excellent and skilful centers in himself. The merest chance in the world elicited the simple and child-like narrative from the operator, and he seemed as much astonished as ourself, when the almost certain character of his performance was pointed out to him on a preparation of the heart and blood vessels. Edward T. Hinckley, of Wareham, Mass., then mate of the bark Andrews, commanded by James L. Nye, of Sandwich, Mass., sailed some two years and a half since (we find the date omitted in our minutes, from New Bedford, Mass., on a whaling voyage. When off the Galapagos Islands, one of the hands, who had shown a turbulent disposition, attacked Captain Nye with some violence, in consequence of a reproof given him for disobedience. In the scuffle which ensued, a wound was inflicted with a knife, commencing at the angle of the jaw, and dividing the skin and superficial tissues of the left side of the neck down to the middle of the clavicle, under which the point of the knife went. It was done in broad

day, in presence of the greater part of the crew; and Mr. Hinckley, the mate, being so near, that he was at that moment rushing to the captain's assistance. Instantly seizing the villain, and handing him over to the crew, the knife either fell or was drawn by some one present, and a frightful gush of dark blood welled up from the wound, as the captain fell upon the deck. Mr. Hinckley immediately thrust his fingers into the wound, and endeavored to catch the bleeding vessel; with thumb against the clavicle, as a point of action, and gripping, as he expressed it to me, "all between," he found the bleeding nearly cease. The whole affair was so sudden, that Mr. Hinckley stated to me, he was completely at a loss what step to take. Such had been the violence of the hemorrhage, a space on the deck fully as large as a barrel head, being covered with blood in a few seconds, that it was evident from that and the consequent faintness, that the captain would instantly die, should he remove his fingers from the bleeding vessel. As Mr. H. said to me, with the simplicity and straightforward style of a seaman, 'I brought to' for a minute, to think over the matter. The bleeding coming upwards from under the collar bone, and being completely concealed by it, it was plain enough that I couldn't get at the blood vessel, without sawing the bone in two; and this I would not like to have tried, even if I had dared to remove my fingers. Feeling that my fingers' ends were so deep as to

be below the bone, and yet the bleeding having stopped, I passed them a little further downwards still keeping up the pressure against the bone with the middle joints. I then found, my fingers passed under something running in the same course with the bone; this I slowly endeavored to draw up out of the wound, so as to see if it was not the blood vessel.—Finding it give a little, I slowly pulled it up with one finger; *when I was pulling it up, the Captain groaned terribly*, but I went on, because I knew I could do nothing else. As soon as I could see it, I washed away the blood, and was astonished and very glad to see there were two vessels, as I supposed them to be, one behind the other, *the cut was in the front one*. It was the full breadth of the knife, or about half an inch, and neither across nor lengthways, but about between the two, and went about half its thickness through the blood vessel; *it was smooth and blue* in appearance, and the cut had stopped bleeding, as I supposed at the time, because the vessel was pressed together by being stretched across my finger. As I had often sewed up cuts in the flesh, and knew nothing about tying blood vessels, and supposed that was only done when they were cut in two, as in amputated limbs, I concluded to try my hand at sewing it up; so I took five little stitches; they were very near together, for the wound was certainly not half an inch wide, if so much." On inquiry of Mr. Hinckley, if he cut off the thread each time and threaded the needle again, he said Yes; but "I only cut off one end and left the other hanging out," This he had learned from a little book, prepared for the use of sea captains and others, when no surgeon was on board. Mr. H. continued; "I twisted the ends together loosely, so as to make one large one, and let it hang out of the wound over the bone; then I closed all up with stitches and plasters. On the fourteenth day I found the strings loose in the wound, from which matter had freely come; it healed up like any other cut." Poor Captain Nye finally met a sad fate, he was drowned

on the destruction of his boat by an enraged whale.

The practical anatomist and surgeon will at once see the internal evidence of the entire truthfulness of this extraordinary narrative, and the certainty that Mr. Hinckley must have closed up a wound in the subclavian vein. Aside from the position of the wound rendering any other explanation impossible, and the color and amount of blood instantly lost, the fact that a wound of the subclavian artery must have been followed by aneurism, if not instant death, renders the conviction unavoidable that it must have been the vein. When the Captain "groaned terribly," as Mr. Hinckley was drawing up the vessel with his finger, the brachial plexus of nerves was evidently put on the stretch.—Indeed, it is impossible to suppose, aside from Mr. Hinckley's high character and the corroboration of the log-book, that such a story could have been devised by any but a surgeon of decided practical ability. We may be mistaken in our views of its importance, but we think that in the estimation of our professional readers we have placed upon record one of the most extraordinary circumstance in the whole history of Surgery.

If the case be not worth an ordinary surgeon's eye and going the rounds of every journal in the land, we are mistaken: every student should commit it to memory; it will teach him modesty and self-possession.—*Scalpel.*

Sir Edward Parry's Opinion on Sir John Franklin's Fate.

A complimentary dinner was recently given to Lieut. SAMUEL GURNEY CRESSWELL, of the British Navy, on his return from the Arctic regions, whither he went with Capt. McClure, at his native town of Lynn, England. During the dinner, Sir Edward Parry, the celebrated Arctic navigator, was toasted, and in the course of his reply made the following interesting remarks on the course *possibly* taken by Sir John Franklin:

"While we are rejoicing over the return of our friend, and the probable return of his shipmates, we cannot but turn to that which is not a matter of rejoicing, but rather a matter of sorrow and regret—that there has not been found a single token of our dear long-lost Franklin and his companions. Not only has that been the case in the expedition in which Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell has been engaged, but I understand it to be the case with Sir Edward Belcher, who has gone up the Wellington Inlet, where I certainly thought traces must be found, because at Beechy Island we knew Franklin passed the first Winter when he went out. There we found three graves of his men, and that is, up to the present moment, the only token whatever we have received of him. I do consider it a most mysterious thing, and I have thought of it as much as anybody. I can form but a single idea as to the probable fate of Franklin. I do not agree with our friend Gurney Cresswell about the probability of both ships having gone down and nothing been seen of them, because, although it is true that nothing might have been seen of the ships themselves, I do not believe the crews would all have perished at one moment. I think there is that stuff and stamina in one hundred and twenty Englishmen, that somehow or other they would have maintained themselves as well as a parcel of Esquimaux would. They would have found the Esquimaux, and there would have been something like a trace of them if they had been on earth. The only thing which I can suggest is this: Wellington Strait was discovered by myself on the expedition I spoke of. It is a large opening from Lancaster Sound. When I was going up westward from Melville Island, we saw Wellington Straits perfectly free from ice, and so I marked it on my chart. It was not my business to go north as long as I could get west, and, therefore, we ran past and did not examine it. But it has always been a favorite idea of those who imagined the north-west passage was to be easily made by going north. That, we know, was the favorite idea

of Franklin, and we know he did intend, if he could get westward, to go up Wellington Channel. We have it from his own lips. My belief is still that *after the first Winter he did go up that channel*, and that having steam power (which I had not in my time,) it is possible he may have gone up in a favorable season. For you cannot imagine anything more different than a favorable and an unfavorable season in those regions. You cannot imagine the changes that take place in the ice there. I have been myself sometimes beset for two or three days together by the ice, in such a way that from the mast-head I could not see sufficient water to float that bottle in; and in twenty-four hours there was not a bit of ice to be seen—nobody could tell why—I cannot tell why; and you might have sailed about as you may in your own river, as far as ice is concerned. Therefore, in a favorable season he may have gone up that inlet, and *may by the power of steam and favorable circumstances have got so far to the north-west that in an ordinary season he could not get back again*. And those who knew Franklin, know this—that *he would push on year after year so long as his provisions lasted*. Nothing could stop him. He was not a man to look back if he believed the thing was still possible. He may have got beyond the reach of our searching parties, for Sir Edward Belcher has not been able to get far up, and we have not been able to get the investigation completed. In speaking of Franklin every one will feel sorrow for his probable fate. My dear friend Franklin was sixty years old when he left this country; and I shall never forget the zeal, the almost youthful enthusiasm, with which that man entered upon that expedition. Lord Haddington, who was then first Lord of the Admiralty, sent for me, and said: "I see, by looking at the list, that Franklin is sixty years old; do you think we ought to let him go?" I said, "He is a fitter man to go than any I know; and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment." He did go, and has been gone eight years; and, therefore, I leave to

yourselves to consider what is the probability of the life of that excellent and valuable man. In the whole course of my experience I have never known a man like Franklin. I do not say it because he is dead—upon the principle *de mortius nil nisi bonum*; but I never knew a man in whom different qualities were so remarkably combined. In my dear friend Franklin, with all the tenderness of heart of a simple child, there was all the greatness and magnanimity of a hero. It is recorded of that man that he would not even kill a mosquito that was stinging him. But whether that be true or not, it is a true type of the tenderness of that man's heart.

Statistics of Wrecks.

The following is the awful summary of 1851-52:—

The wrecks of British and foreign vessels on the coasts and seas of the United Kingdom were 681. Of these 277 were total wrecks; sunk by leaks or collision, 84; stranded and damaged so as to require the discharge of cargo, 304; abandoned, 16; total wrecks, 681; total lives lost, 784. In the year 1851, the wrecks on our coast were 701. Of these 353 were total wrecks, or sunk and abandoned, and 348 stranded or damaged so as to require the discharge of cargo.—The number of lives lost—as far as could be ascertained—was 750. The most disastrous portion was the month of September, and the heavy storm of the 25th and 26th of that month, 117 vessels were stranded, while, during the month, the whole number amounted to 153, or more than five a day; thus affording additional proof of the necessity of making the utmost efforts to avert so much calamity. But the past year, 1853, has far exceeded in respect to shipwrecks, the two former periods, in amount and fatality, no less than 1100 vessels having been wrecked on the shores of the British Isles, and the number of lives lost, as far as could be ascertained, being about 900. The greatest havoc took place about the latter end of last October, and beginning of November. In this interval no less than 600 ships sought refuge

in the Humber. Many more, however, could reach no shelter; and thus, in the course of a few days, the unprecedented number of 300 vessels were lost or damaged with the fearful loss of 217 lives. The greater part of this terrible work of destruction took place on the east coast of England, off Flamborough Head.

Deaths in the Pacific.

Fell overboard from the fore topsail yard of the whaleship Huntsville, Oct. 6, 1853, George Harrison, of Rochester, N. Y., aged about 19 yrs.

Killed, 9th of October, Benjamin F. Crapo, of New Bedford. He belonged to the Manuel Ortez. This unfortunate man was a boat-steerer, and his death occurred under the following circumstances. The vessel was leaving the Ochotsk Sea in a gale of wind, and he came on deck at the calling of his watch. A few minutes after a water tank gave way and crushed him instantly.

On board the Maria Theresa, at sea, and buried on shore 2d of July, Mr. William F. Douglass.

In Honolulu at U. S. Hospital, Nov. 9, Mr. Johnson, first officer of ship Golconda.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst., in Honolulu, John Jones, belonging to ship John and Elizabeth. The deceased came on shore and called at Dr. Hoffman's office, where he died suddenly.

On board ship Mary Ann, Oct. 15, George Shaw, of consumption. He was a native of New Hampshire, and aged 23 years.

Drowned by falling overboard, Sept. 27th, Lodowick Prentiss, of Stonington, Con. He belonged to ship Cabinet.

July 15, on board ship Tamerlane, James F. Daniels, Steward, belonging to Foxborough, Mass. He came out in the vessel.

In Honolulu, January 25, after a short illness of five days, THOMAS HORNSBY, steward of the American whaleship Antelope, aged 17 years. The deceased belonged to Newport,

and came out in the vessel. He was much beloved and esteemed by his shipmates, and especially by the master, Capt Potter, and officers, who have evinced the most unwearied attention and solicitude for his welfare during his sickness. His funeral was attended on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 26th, and his remains are deposited in the Seaman's Lot, of N. V. Cemetery.

At the U. S. Hospital, Honolulu, Jan. 18th, Mr. P. TURDELL, belonging to Brooklyn, New York. He left the United States on board the "Mary Frazier." He was a cooper by trade.

In Honolulu, Nov. 17, Geo. B. Lawrence, aged 25, late from San Francisco. The deceased was a native of Groton, Mass., where his friends now reside. He came passenger from California in the E. L. Frost.

At Sea, about Nov. 25, Mr. Albert Leonard, 3d officer of ship *Phœnix*, of New Bedford. He belonged to Fall River, Mass., where his wife now resides.

At City Hospital, Honolulu, Nov. 23, John N. Fraser, colored steward of the American whaleship *Napoleon*.

HUMANITY.

It always gives us sincere pleasure to record and commend humane acts connected with the sea. We rejoice to know that seamen are vieing with each other in lending a helping hand to the distressed. Hence hesitancy and regret on our part in transferring to our columns from "The Friend" the following CARD:

A CARD.—The undersigned, late master of the whaleship *Citizen*, of New Bedford, feels it a duty he owes alike to the living and the dead, to make known the following circumstances.

On the 25th of September, 1852, in the Arctic Ocean, in lat. $78^{\circ} 10' N.$ the ship *Citizen* was wrecked, and five men lost; himself and the balance of the crew reached the shore without anything but the cloths they stood in. It was very cold, and they kept alive by burning casks of oil that

floated ashore from the wreck. That they lived near the wreck until Oct. 3d, when the whaleship *Citizen*, of Nantucket, Capt. Bailey, hove in sight. They immediately hoisted a flag upon a pole 30 feet high, and made every signal they could of distress. That the ship at first stood in as though she saw them, then hauled up and shivered in the wind, and afterwards filled away and left them. She was so close at one time that those on shore could see her davits. The feelings with which they saw the vessel leave them are indescribable, as no hope was left them but to endure the rigors of a winter's residence in this cold, bleak and desolate region, if they could escape the tomahawks of the savage. That their signals were seen by Capt. Bailey, there can be no doubt, as Capt. B. reported seeing his signals last fall. The mate of Capt. Bailey's vessel reported to Capt. B. that he could see sailors on the shore and requested a boat to go to their relief, which Capt. B. refused.

Through the inhumanity of Capt. Bailey, we were compelled to remain nine months in this barren region, destitute of clothing and food, other than the natives could supply us from their scanty stores of blubber and furs. During this time two of the crew perished with cold, and left their bones to bleach among the snows of the north as a monument of "Man's inhumanity to man."

The natives were humane, kind and hospitable to us, though wretchedly poor.

THOS. H. NORTON.

DISASTERS.

Schr. *Pactolas*, went ashore in the snow storm of 10th Feb., abreast Cape Charles.

Barque David Kimball, at this port, from New Orleans, reports: March 3d, fell in with brig *Monterey*, of Bristol, full of water and abandoned.

" Galveston, Feb. 3.

I have to inform you of the wreck of the schr. *Alimo*, on the Bar at the mouth of San Bernard River.

Portland, February 27.

The barque N. W. Bridge, of Portland, from Matanzas for this port,

went ashore last night on Bunker's Island, off Cape Porpoise, and bilged.

Brig Draco was wrecked in the Rio Pongos, West Coast of Africa, Nov. 22d, and is a total loss.

Capt. Wainwright, of the schooner James G. King, before reportd water-logged on her voyage from Savannah to this port, was taken off the wreck of his vessel, after having been seven days without food or water, by brig Torcello, from Savannah for Boston, and carried into Norfolk.

Whale ship Sylph, of Fairhaven, was lost on N. W. side of Isle Sal, January 9, while taking in wood and water, by the swell setting her on the rocks in a calm; vessel and cargo a total loss.

Brig Flying Cloud, at this port from Cuidad Bolivar, reports: On the outward passage, Dec. 30th, in a gale, fell in with the wreck of the brig Sarah Nash, of New York, from Georgetown, S. C., with ship timber, for New Bedford: both masts gone, deck ripped up, and the sea making a complete breach over her, having been blown off the coast three times. Sent our boat, and succeeded in taking off safely Capt. G. C. Gibbs, two mates, and four seamen, and brought them to this port.

The clipper ship San Francisco from New York, was lost under the charge of a pilot upon the rocks at the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco 8th Feb.

British barque Mary, Scott, before reported abandoned, had struck a field of ice, and foundered; the crew took to their boats, and in five days reached St. John's, N. F., previous to March 23, all frostbiten. One of their number was dead on the arrival of the boats.

Ship Warbler, Captain Edward Hunter, which arrived at Liverpool on the 10th, from New Orleans, passed on the 15th Feb., the schooner H. M. Johnstone, of Tremont, water-logged and abandoned.

Schr. Tennessee, from Georgetown, S. C., for Havana, was wrecked on the night of February 22nd on Abaco; vessel a total loss.

Schr. John Q. Adams, for Boston, from Fredericksburg, attempted to go into Little Egg harbor in the storm of 26th Feb., but struck upon the bar, fell over, carried away both masts and drove ashore, bottom up, on the beach.

Br. brig Juliet, Hilton, from Boston, out 15 days, bound to Liverpool, N. S. got ashore at Ragged Islands on the 21st February. Vessel a total wreck.

Steamer George Law, at this port from Aspinwall, reports; Feb. 22d, at 8 A. M., passed wreck of schr. E. S. Powell, of Brooklyn, decks swept, full of water, bulwarks and spar sails gone, except bowsprit; no person on board; appeared to have been recently wrecked. At 12 M., took off the captain and crew of the dismasted schr. D. C. Oakes, of Bangor, Me., Bansil, master, from Santa Cruz, bound to New York.

Barque Ionia, at this port from New Orleans, reports: March 1st, spoke schr. Sally Ann, of Philadelphia, from Attakapas for Baltimore, dismasted and in a sinking condition; took off Captain Johnson and crew, and brought them to this port.

Brig Orinoco, at this port, from Sagua la Grande, reports: March 6th, fell in with brig Laleah, of St. John, N. B., dismasted and abandoned, and full of water.

New American ship Pantheon, Barstow, was totally lost near Holyhead on the English coast, on the night of the 8th March. The Pantheon cleared from New York for Liverpool on the 8th ult.

Letters from Thomaston, Me., under date of 7th March, state that accounts had reached there from the postmaster at Ocracoke, N. C., saying that pieces of a wrecked barque with "Thomaston" on her stern plank, and two bbls. of bread marked "Robt. Walsh's Stores," came on shore at that place on the 8th Feb., also, that eleven dead bodies had been picked up, supposed to have comprised the crew of that vessel.

Br. ship Express, from New York for Liverpool, was fallen in with 1st March in a sinking condition, by

barque Octavia, Woodbury, from Portland, who took off the crew, fourteen in number.

Schr. Cassius, sailed from Boston 12th Feb., for Wilmington, N. C., and during the voyage encountered heavy weather and gales. On the 7th Mar. 60 miles from Cape Hatteras, experienced a heavy gale and sprung a leak, which caused her to sink in 16 fathoms water.

Schr. Gilbert Jamieson, from San Francisco, arrived at Hobart Town Nov. 5th. She called at Tahiti, and took two of the crew of the barque Rapid, bound to Sydney from San Francisco, and which, through stress of weather, parted her anchors and drove on a reef off Tongataboo, one of the Society Islands.

Barque Parana, at this port from Buenos Ayres, reports: March 1, at meridian, passed brig Eagle, of Falmouth, Jam., with mainmast gone just above the deck, waterlogged, foresail all whole, loose on the foreyard, topsail and topgallant sail all furled, jib and flying jib furled, mainboom alongside, mainmast fore and aft the deck as it fell, lot of sail piled on the deck: part of a deck load of lumber, water casks, &c., all in their places on deck, rudder gone, no one on board.

Schr. Hellespont, from Rappahannock for——, struck on Middle Ground on the night of the 1st Mar. bilged and filled with water. The captain and crew took to the boat and arrived at Norfolk. Vessel total loss.

Br. barque Acastus, from Newport, W. for this port, was fallen in with 1st Mar., in a sinking condition by ship Liverpool, who took off the captain and crew, 17 in number.

Ship Devonshire, at this port from London reports: 15th inst passed the Br. barque Express, of Liverpool, waterlogged and abandoned.

Boston, March 23.

Ship Fleetwood, which arrived here this morning from Shanghai, rescued 20th inst., the crew of the schr. Hope; of and from New York for Boston, which she fell in with, in a sinking condition.

Schr. Mary Elizabeth, at this port

from Washington, N. C., reports:—4th inst., schr. ———, from Baltimore for Charleston, struck on Ocracoke Bar, and went to pieces; the crew were all saved.

Br. schr. Bluenose, at this port from Halifax, March 7th, passed the wreck of brig Express, of Liverpool, waterlogged, dismasted and abandoned

Baltimore, March 23.

Schr. General Veazie, from Attakapas for Baltimore, went ashore at Cape Henry 20th March. The vessel is a total loss.

On Sunday morning, 26th about one o'clock, as the propeller PETREL, Jones, from Providence, was off Little Gulf Island, she came in contact with the Schr. VIOLA, of Bucksport, Lawrence, hence bound to Belfast, striking the schr. on her larboard bow, carrying away bowsprit and main mast; the P. then took her in tow, and after proceeding a short distance, the schr. sank, carrying down with her Capt. Joseph C. Lawrence, master, of Bucksport, and Mr. West, seaman.

Schr. Sarah & Mary, of Plymouth, Mass., Hawes, from Boston for Baltimore, struck on "Thamer Sprig Shoal" on the night of March 26, and bilged. The crew were taken off next day, and carried to Hyannis port. Vessel a total loss.

Missing Vessels.

Schr. SARAH H. CRAMER, of Bass River, N. C. John Falkenburg master, sailed from Alexandria Dec. 22d, for this port, and was seen in Chesapeake Bay about 15th—since which has not been heard from.

Brig Amethyst, of Sullivan, Ober, from Philadelphia, for Bath, left Holmes's Hole, Dec. 21st, previous to the great gale, and has not since been heard from.

Brig Esther Elizabeth, of Eastport, Shackford, sailed from Philadelphia about 16th Dec. for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

Paris, Jan. 2.

The Arco Iris, Clark, sailed from New-York 24th August, for Havre, and has not since been heard of.

Barque J. Patton, (supposed of Philadelphia) Johns, which sailed from Havana, Dec. 14 for New-York, has not since been heard from.

Brig Emma, of Eastport, Carpenter, sailed from Alexandria, 10th Jan. for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

Barque John A. Taylor, Captain J. Loud, sailed from Cardenas Oct. 7th for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

The barque Antelope, of Boston, was driven to sea from her moorings at Rum Cay, in the gale of 21st Nov. last, since which nothing has been heard of her.

Brig Abigail & Maria, Spurling, of Tremount, Me., sailed from Boston, Oct. 6th, for Jacksonville, and has not since been heard from.

Br. brig Syria, of Windsor, from Baltimore, left Edgartown Dec. 28th, and has not since been heard from.

Clipper ship WARNER, sailed hence Dec. 18th for Dunkirk, with a cargo of grain, and has not since been heard from. The WARNER was owned by Capt. Merritt, built in 1851, and was of unusual strength for the merchant service, having been constructed for a man-of-war. She was a full clipper, and has made some of the quickest passages on record. She was valued at \$35,000 to \$40,000, on which there is about \$30,000 insurance in this city. The following is a list of her officers and crew:—Luther Ripley, Jr., master: James Quin, 1st mate, John A. Dewar, 2nd do.: Fredrick Graham, carpenter; Henry F. Beath, cook and steward; George Beatty, boy; Charles Nash, John P. Smith, Alvin Wilson, Thos. Johnson, John Murray, Charles Clark, John Cotter, and John Leman, seamen. Capt. Ripley was one of the most efficient and promising shipmasters in the American service, and his loss will be severely felt, more particularly among his friends and those who knew him well.

The Br. brigantine CHARLOTTE. Tyrrell, master, sailed from this port about the 20th December last, for Aspinwall, and has not since been heard from.

Ship ANNA TIFT, Ross, sailed from

Mobile for Toulon, France, about Nov. 9, and has not since been heard from.

Schr. Cicero, Shackelford, from New Berne, N. C., 9th ult., for this port, has not since been heard of, and fears are entertained for her safety.

Schr. JOSHUA H. DAVIS, of Truro, sailed from Rappahannock for Boston several days previous to the gale of Feb. 22, and has not since been heard from. Harvey Small was master; Jas. Livermore mate, both of whom have left families. Michael Lombard, of Truro, and one other man, unknown were seamen.

Schr. SEA BIRD, of Surry, Me., Bullerwell, for New-York, left Jacksonville Dec. 5th, since which nothing has been heard of her.

Brig SARAH NASH, of this port, Gibby, sailed from Georgetown, S. C. Dec. 18th for Fairhaven, Mass. since which time she has not been heard from.

Brig JOHN MARSALL, Schoonbeck, cleared at Wilmington, N. C. Dec. 10th, for Bath, and has not since been heard from.

Ship LEVIATHAN, of New-York, owned by Messrs. Sturges, Clearman & Co., built in Newcastle, Me., in 1851, 1207 tons register, A 1, cleared at this port on the 22d Nov. for Liverpool, and has not since been heard of.

Ship WATERLOO, of New-York, Capt. Harvey, owned by Messrs. Kermit & Carow, built in New-York. in 1845, 892 tons burthen, A 1, a superior vessel, cleared for Liverpool on the 22d November.

The new brig W. L. CROSBY, Capt. Clifford, sailed from Bath Dec. 25th for Philadelphia, and has not been heard from since.

Schr. A. K. HAY, of Philadelphia, Mark H. Leeds, master, left Philadelphia Dec. 8, bound to Savannah, Geo., since that time no intelligence has been heard from her. Geo. Hand, mate; seamen, Harvey A. Dutton, of Vermont; Absalom Seoy, of New-Jersey, and two others from the same State, names not known; besides two apprentice boys, Risley and Lewis Smith.

Gahin Boy's Locker.

The Honest Boy, or the Shilling and the Sovereign.

Some time ago, the Duke of Bucleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his palace the following morning; according to agreement, the cow was sent, and the Duke happened to be in dishabille, and walking in the avenue espied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him:

"Flimum, come here an' gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The Duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow; pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the Duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance; at last he cried out, in a tone of apparent distress,

"Come here, mun, an' help us, an' as sure as anything I'll gi'e you half I get!"

This last solicitation had the desired effect. The Duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think ye'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the house are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the Duke darted from the boy, and entered by a different way. He called a servant and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy

who has brought the cow." The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's the half o' it t'ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

"No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, "as sure's death that's a' I got—an' d'y'e not think it's a plenty?"

"I do not," said the Duke; "there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented—back they went; the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the Duke to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap with the apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke interrupted him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time, recognized his assistant, in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there and provided for at his own expense.

P O E T R Y.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Hymn of the New England Sailor.

BY MARY A. BANCROFT.

The green fields of my native land,
How beautiful, they are!
The hills from which at day's decline,
I watched the rising star.
My own bright star, how sweet it rose,
How gladly met my sight;
My brow has darkened since with toil,
Yet, still its beams are bright.

Its beams are bright, they gild the spot
Where splendid cities lie;
Amid the pageantry of which
I wandered with a sigh.
By day, I heap of wealth a store,
To hoard with anxious care;
The sun goes down:—the quick tears start,
At home, they kneel in prayer.

They gather in that little room;
How vividly I see
The very spot, where long ago
My father prayed for me:—
My mother too, with gentle mien,
And furrowed brow, yet fair;
Tiared above so beautiful,
With silvery—sprinkled hair.

Her voice;—none other'had the power
My haughty pride to quell:
So gently on my heart's wild lyre
Its quivering accents fell.
Brothers and sisters too, with smiles,
And kindly voices come;
Earth hath no melody like this,
Remembered strains of home.

Remember? yes, tis even so,
The beauteous dream has pass'd;
It floated back on memory's wings,
In fancy's mirror cast.
A sadder vision rises now,
The grave-yard on the hill
Comes up before my aching view,
All shadowy, lone, and still.

A sound blends with the sea-wave's moan,
A solemn dirge-like strain;
A whisper of the broken links,
Earth may not clasp again.
It tells how from that cherished home
A parent's love has fled;
And with their youngest, fairest one,
They slumber with the dead.

The night grows dark:—so would my soul,
Did not Hope's radiant form
Break through despair's most fearful gloom,
Like sunshine 'midst the storm.

Oh! these vast ocean-waves are far
Less boundless than his love;
Who, gently gathers home his own,
To perfect bliss above.

Father! rejoicing in thy will,
On, o'er the seas I roam,
My longing spirit ne'er again,
May greet my native home;
But when I near that flowery shore,
The haven of the blest,
Thou wilt conduct me to that home,
Where earth's—once-loved ones rest.
Suffield, Conn.

Sabbath Morning

In New Haven, Ct.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How beautiful!—Not fancy sweeps,
This mellow music from the trees
That tremble like a living lyre,
Beneath the finger of the breeze—
Nature's own Psalmist, with his lay,
Now ushers in the holy day,
Soft as the sound that sweetly swells
In ocean's own enchanted shells,
Yet, with a movement as sublime
As choral spheres that measure time.

And see, how calm the blue wave there
In morning's light rejoicing rolls,
As if its azure pulses throb'd
In unison with human souls;
While from the far red Orient, fires
Are sparkling on the stately spires,
And one wide sweep of splendor falls
On all the groves and classic halls,
And light and music make divine
The humblest home, the simplest shrine.

It is not fancy! No, that wave
At least, a living symbol gleams;
There is a sacred meaning where
God's rose on morning's bosom beams;
Yon single cloud that floats away,
But speaks—"The light of Zion's day
Shall yet be cloudless;" and the air
Is stirred by something like a prayer,
While yonder mist, so grandly curled,
Doth make an altar of the world.

O troubled heart! O weary soul!
Look out! look out upon this morn
So full of light and harmony,
And smile away the skeptic's scorn!
Look out, ye quiet dwellers here,
On the great wonder of our sphere,
And feel Religion wrap the whole—
City and stream, and sky, and soul—
In all, His endless worship see,
Whose lifetime is Eternity.

New York, May, 1854.

Anniversary Meeting.

The Twenty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Seamen's Friend Society, will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Monday evening, the 8th instant, at half past seven o'clock.

Stormy or pleasant, a full and deeply interested audience, including many seamen, is anticipated.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Letters from Polynesia.

HONOLULU, Jan. 30, 1854.

A new feature in the Whaling business—Death of a sailor, Thomas Hornsby, of Newport, R. I.—Hawaiian Tract Society meeting, &c., &c.

The owners and agents of whale ships are introducing a new feature in carrying forward their business. Formerly a ship was fitted out, from some port in the United States, and sailed for the Pacific, but to return when she had filled up, whether it took one, two, three or four years. This system is generally passing away. Ships now come out, to fill up once, twice or thrice, before they return, if, indeed they ever should. Their oil is shipped from time to time, as they visit port. This business of transhipping oil, from whaleships to merchant vessels, is becoming of considerable importance in our port. I am watching

with no little anxiety, the influence which this new feature of the whaling business will have upon seamen. I can now foresee that it will tend to the unsettling the crews of those vessels which ship their oil. As a general thing, neither officers nor sailors, incline to remain by a ship for several years in succession. Jack is always ready for a change. Like the element upon which he floats, he cannot be at rest. The practice is now becoming very common to go by the season. Sailors are becoming "Seasoners." This being the case, multitudes will thereby be prevented from returning to the Atlantic States. Formerly they would go to New Bedford or Nantucket to be paid off, but now they are paid off here; and I am sorry to say, that nearly all spend their money, before they ship again. This fact creates the necessity for a Savings' Bank. I am now strongly urging the establishment of such an Institution in Honolulu.

Another effect of this change in the whaling business, will be to induce Masters and officers to locate their families in Honolulu. I see not why they may not do it. In that case, they might be with their families, for several weeks, and even months every year, whereas now, they are separated for long, long years. While then, I foresee evils attending the new sys-

tem, I am not blind to the good results. Perhaps the latter may more than counterbalance the former.— May God grant that such may be the case, even a thousand fold.

A death occurred last week, among seamen, that was quite singular and melancholy. A youth, about sixteen, by the name of Thomas Hornsby, of Newport, R. I., steward of the whale-ship "Antelope," came on shore a few days since. While, in company, with a shipmate, and engaged in playful sport, he received a blow in his back, which so affected his spine, that he died after a short illness. Under Captain Potter's care, he was removed on shore, to comfortable quarters, where he received every possible medical care, but all was of no avail. I saw him twice the day of his death. On the day following his death, his funeral was well attended, although it was a very rainy day. His captain did everything that could be done for a sick man. I never knew a person more attentive. Even after his remains were deposited in their final resting place, he placed funds in my hands to send to the United States for the purchase of a suitable grave stone. I could not but contrast Captain Potter's kind and unwearied attentions, with the almost inhuman treatment of some shipmasters, who will not read the burial service over a sailor's remains, at sea, or attend their funeral on land.

A most interesting and fully attended meeting of the Hawaiian Tract Society, was held at the Bethel, Tuesday evening, January 17th. The meeting was called to hear the report of Mr. Ryan, the Society's colporteur. For the information of your readers, I would remark, that during the last six months, this Society has employed a colporteur. The time for which he

was engaged being about to expire, the members of the society and the friends of the cause were called together to listen to his report, and make up the deficiency in the necessary funds to meet the expenses of the society.

The Colporteur's report was read by the Secretary of the Society, and heard with the most cordial sentiments of approbation. Those who have watched the labors of Mr. Ryan, felt that the report was most truthful, and convincing, in regard to the importance and propriety of employing a colporteur, whose sole employment should be "going about and doing good." In the discharge of this duty Mr. Ryan, has given the most unqualified satisfaction to the society, which testified its approval, by authorizing the Ex-Committee to make some satisfactory arrangement with him, if he was willing to remain in the Society's service. As a guaranty that funds should not be wanting, the sum of \$490 was immediately pledged. This commendable measure was adopted, after the contribution of \$248 16, to discharge previous liabilities. This amount added to what had previously been contributed for the Colportage enterprise, makes the total sum of \$757 33.

There prevailed the utmost cordiality and generous feeling. Every one present seemed inspired with the sentiment, the tract cause is a good cause, and it is an inestimable privilege to be engaged in its prosecution.

I learn that Mr. Ryan contemplates visiting the United States, holding out however, the reasonable expectation, that he may return and continue in the Society's employ.

In late American papers, I notice frequent allusions to the subject of Annexation. So far as the authori-

ties here are concerned, I do not believe any definite steps have, as yet been taken. I do not think that it will be so easy a matter as men fondly imagine, although I expect such an event will take place, at no very distant period.

Yours, truly,
S. C. DAMON.

St. Thomas Chaplaincy.

ST. THOMAS, W. I. MARCH, 8th
1854.

Arrival—Embarrassments and Encouragements—Importance of the Station—Incidents of labor—Colleage Chaplains.

I arrived at my post of duty here the 16th of Dec. last. Entrance upon the discharge of my labors was somewhat embarrassed for a time by two causes. The *first* was the appearance of Cholera in town simultaneously with my arrival which threw everything into confusion, and the *second*, the necessity of getting from the Danish Authorities, resident at St. Croix permission to labor as a Minister before I could begin my preaching services. Not however considering Bible and Tract distribution a disregard of this restrictive policy on the promulgation of the gospel, I entered on labors of that description.

St. Thomas is almost exclusively commercial in its character. Commerce may be said to be its sole interest. The arrival and departure of vessels, the relation of these to trade, incidents in the harbor—these are the leading matters which occupy and interest men's minds. The sympathies of the entire community are therefore mainly commercial. Hence a Seamans' Chaplain seems a quite natural and essential personage here; while this close and peculiar implication of interests between town and harbor, brings the Chaplain into relations to the merchants and citizens generally, which are not only highly agreeable in themselves, but furnish also good vantage ground for the prosecution of his labors for the good

of Seamen. It is with pleasure therefore that I record my favourable reception, and readiness to facilitate my labors not only on the part of masters of vessels, but also of many gentlemen prominently related to the shipping interest, and of others who love the cause.

Importance of the Station.

The importance of this as a Chaplaincy station of the Seamans' F. Society is unquestionable. Vessels are constantly arriving from all parts of Europe, from the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the western Continent, and the far-off Isles of the Pacific. Many are driven or put in here for supplies or repairs. From thirty to sixty sail are almost constantly riding at anchor in our beautiful little harbor, among which "the Stars and Stripes" predominate—Often, and at certain seasons of the year this number is greatly increased. The past winter the amount of Shipping has been quite limited for St. Thomas, owing to the Cholera. Being at last happily free from that dreadful scourge, from which however the shipping has been free with the exception of two or three cases. The harbor begins once more to present its wonted appearance. Even this untoward circumstance has been compensated for by the arrival from time to time of in all a large number of distressed American vessels, which being obliged to remain for weeks, and in some cases even months for repairs, have furnished your Chaplain opportunities for systematic labor, and for making permanent impressions which would not have been the case to so great an extent with vessels arriving in the ordinary course of trade.

Means of Extended Evangelization.

In estimating the importance of having a chaplain to Seamen here we should not overlook the facilities for circulating the Scriptures and Evangelical books and tracts in Catholic and formally protestant lands in Europe, the West India islands, and the South American States. I have had the pleasure of distributing the word of God and religious tracts, in addi-

tion to the English language, in nearly all the languages of Europe. And the avidity and apparently genuine interest with which these rough Sons of the ocean, whom you almost fear to approach lest you should meet with a coarse repulse, receive and fall to the perusal of tracts and books and particularly those speaking foreign languages, is perhaps the pleasantest feature of my labor, one has the exhilarating consciousness that he is sowing the good seed of the kingdom broad-cast in that field which is the world; while in the individual heart he is encouraged to hope there may be a good and teeming soil waiting for the germ of divine truth.

Sabbath Services.

My audiences on the sabbath have consisted of from twelve to forty persons, from whom I have invariably received good attention, and often have been gratified to notice much apparent interest. Some cheering incidents have occurred in connexion with these services. One Sabbath I was to preach on a large ship, and as her crew came upon the quarter deck where an awning and seats had been prepared, one after another to the number of fifteen or twenty in their clean white pants and woolen shirts, I noticed that many of them had their bibles in their hands, which as I read a portion of scriptures they opened and followed me in my reading. A week ago last sabbath also, I was reading the chapter in which occurs the parable of the Prodigal Son, and as I came to the conclusion of that little tale of penitance and pardon, every eye was riveted upon me with the most eager expression of interest. Surely men exhibiting such sympathies are not to be despised of.

Incidents from Diary.

Jan. 17.—Visited Brig _____. Capt. P. talked with him about efforts for improving the condition of sailors. He said the work must begin by breaking up Sailor's Boarding houses at home, and having licensed homes instead, and modifying by legislation the present system of shipping crews, which he said was an abominable treaty between boarding masters and

shipping masters for the purpose of robbing and degrading sailors.

The men were eating breakfast, I asked them if they wanted tracts. Some took them gladly, but two said they didn't want them. One of them a Portuguese, tried to make sport of the matter. I addressed him in presence of his shipmates, personally and seriously on the subject of death and judgment, and the different light in which he would then view the matter of religion. He at last asked me for some tracts, and said he would read them. I afterwards gave him a Portuguese Testament.

Jan. 21.—A sailor boy of 18, (from the brig above mentioned) came to my room to beg for a Testament, said he was trying to be good—felt he was a sinner. I tried to impress on him the enormity of sin, the nature of repentance, the way of Salvation, and the demands of Christian duty. I think him really serious.

Practical Arminianism.

Feb. 18.—Visited Bark M _____. Had an interesting conversation with Captain M. He appears and talks like a christian, in whom the principle of divine life barely exists; said he felt the obligation of a christian life, but couldn't live up to it—that he sometimes tried to, and then he was happy, but didn't believe he should be a good christian until he took up his residence on the land—that he was once a professor of religion, "but that was a long time since." I reminded him that Salvation was from God, from whom alone could come our strength; that Christianity did not consist in saving ourselves but in being saved, and that therefore, the Christian method was by faith, reliance on God through the aids of his grace and Spirit.

This phase of religious experience I have met in one other instance—the case of a German sailor, a professor, and member of a church in New York, though in this person it took a different form, to wit: a painful self-confidence, and spiritual pride. It is not difficult to see that this type of piety may naturally result from the resistance necessary to be put forth

against many and strong temptations to abandon, or at least to live but a very imperfect Christian life. And, therefore, these isolated Christians deserve to be sustained by the prayers of the Church, and the religious influence which can be thrown around them.

Colleague Chaplains.

It is pleasant to hear the respectful and affectionate manner in which masters and crews of vessels touching here casually, on their homeward way, speak of the character and efforts of brother chaplains at other stations, such as Messrs. Fletcher, at Rio de Janeiro, and Damon at Honolulu, and others. Coming direct from these ports, and seeming to bear about them an atmosphere of good influences, I experience sincere pleasure and a powerful sense of obligation also to second their efforts, to carry on the good work, and do the utmost in my power lest they shall have labored in vain, and spent their strength for nought. Thus, dear brethren, across the wide interval of waters, may we extend to each other, an earnest and effectual "right hand of fellowship," and co-operation. May the means be permanently multiplied, until in every port, vessels arriving shall meet "The Sailor's Minister," and the instructions and influence of that Gospel, which was commanded to be preached to every creature.

ELISHA WHITTLESEY,
Chaplain.

The Old Mariners Church, New York.

On the 4th day of June, 1820, the Mariner's Church in Roosevelt St. New York, was dedicated with appropriate exercises to the worship of God. It was the first edifice ever built for this purpose. For some time, its location has rendered a change desirable; and we are happy to inform seamen and others, whose associations linger tenderly around that spot, it is in the way of being accomplished. On Sabbath, the 9th

of April the closing exercises were held in that house, the Rev. Dr. Matthews who preached the Sermon when it was dedicated, taking a part. It has been sold and will be occupied as a school house. In the mean time the Congregation will occupy a room known as the "Church of the Good Shepherd" at the junction of Market, Hamilton and Munroe Sts., until the Trustees can erect a better Mariner's Church on a more desirable site. The Sabbath School, one of the most interesting in the city, and averaging a weekly attendance of 100 children, follows the Congregation to the place above named. We trust that the "Chief of the fathers" who saw the first house, will have no occasion to weep when the foundations of the second are laid, for fear that its glory and beauty and usefulness shall be inferior to those of the former.

Additional Chaplains.

At a recent meeting of the Board, the Rev. F. W. Bill, and the Rev. D. H. Wheeler, were appointed Chaplains to seamen; the former at Callao and the Chincha Islands, and the latter at Aspinwall.

Care for the Sailor.

The Duke of Northumberland has given land worth £1,000 at North Shields, and is about to erect and present to the Port, a handsome Sailor's Home, which will cost £4,000, and will have accommodations for above 100 seamen, with a library, saving bank, &c. The ship-owners will raise £2,000 more for its endowment. So God, in His Providence, takes care for the sailor.

Account of Money.

From March 15, to April 15, 1854.

*Directors for Life by the payment
of Fifty Dollars.*

Rev. A. W. McClure, by

[May,

First Ref'd Dutch Ch., Jersey City,	50 00	From Miss Craig, N. York, " South Pres. Ch. Brook-lyn, " Second Pres. Church, Woodbridge, N. J., " T. W. Harvey, N. Y., " North and Lafayette, Ref'd Dutch Chs., New York, " A Friend, " Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y., " First Church, Jaffray, N. H., (in part,) " First Ch., Wells, Me.,	2 00 133 00 9 50 5 00 134 04 1 00 290 00 2 03 8 00
<i>Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.</i>			
Renssaeler Havens Bissell, Greenwich, Ct., (amt. ack. last month.)			
Ralph Denning, by Con. Soc. Stockbridge, Mass.	22 00		
William P. Warner, by do. do.	22 00		
Mrs. Phebe Manchester, by Ladies Sewing Circle, Pawtucket, R. I.,	20 00		
Rev. William Aitchinson, Miss.'y to Shanghai, by Con. Soc., Fitchville, Ct.,	20 00		
Miles W. Marsh, of Bakersville, Ct., by Mrs. Lucy Deforest of Watertown, Ct.	20 00		
Monroe Emmons, by Cong'l. Soc., Hinsdale, Mass.,	26 19		
Charles J. Kittredge, by do. do,	26 20		
Asahel Barker, by do. do., Miss Susan A. Smith, by Ladies Union Soc., Madison, Ct.,	26 20		
Sally M. Hill, by do. do., (in part,) and to complete two Life Memberships, (prev. ack.)	20 00		
David Van Dyck, New Paltz, N. Y., by a Friend,	11,00		
Mrs. A. D. Chenery, of Montague, Mass., (am't. paid in to Boston Soc.'y,	5 00		
John Whittemore, Fitzwilliam, N. H. (balance)	20 00		
Rev. T. G. Brainard, by Pres. Church Londonderry, N. H., (in part.)	10 00		
Rev. Luther Townsend, Troy, N. H., (balance,)	16 00		
<i>Donations.</i>			
From Third Pres. Ch., Brook-lyn, N. Y.,	67 50		
" Spring St. Pres. Ch., N. Y., (balance),	29 00		
" Rev. A. Darrow, Marietta, Ohio,	1 00		
" A Member of Dr. Har-denburg's Con. N.Y.	5 00		
" Theron Fisk Warsaw, N. Y.,	2 00		
" Second Ref. Dutch Ch., Pokeepsie, N. Y.,	34 46		
<i>Legacies.</i>			
Late Hannah Curtis of New York,			200 00
<i>Sailor's Home, New York.</i>			
From A Friend for Shipwrecked Sailors two Flannel Shirts.			
<i>Money received into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.</i>			
Westboro, Con. Ch. and Soc., Rev. Mr. Cady's,			82 41
Westminster, Rev. Mr. White's Society,			18 00
Pepperel, Evan. Ch. and Soc., by C. Lawrence,			5 98
Uxbridge, Con. Soc., Rev. Mr. Abbott's to make Phineas Wood and Wm. W. Thayer L. M.'s			42 00
West Newton, Rev. Mr. Gilbert's Society,			23 75
Waltham, A Friend,			1 50
Lowell, John St. Ch. and Soc. Additional,			5 00
Newburyport, Whittfield Ch. and Soc., to make Thomas Griffin L. M.			30 00
South Reading, Rev. Mr. Hall's Society, to make Wm. Haven L. M.,			31 00
Chesterfield, Rev. Mr. Barnum's Society,			10 00
<i>For the Sailor's Home, Boston.</i>			
E. S. Tobey,			100 00
John Albro,			10 00
Betsey and Nancy Oliver, 64 Vols. of Books.			